

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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THE FIRST RED LEAF.

What is that which the eye perceives
Glowing among the thick green leaves?
Is it an oriole perched to rest,
Or a tanager, with his vivid vest?
Or a lonely grobeak, left behind,
Forgotten by all his gorgeous kind?
Alas, for summer—and woe for me—
'Tis the first red leaf on the dogwood tree!

Ah, why, for the grass is not yet sere;
No blight betokens the falling year;
A late rose reigns on her thorny throne,
All the fairer because alone,
And nods and smiles in the sunny noon,
As sweet and perfect as those of June;
Why hint at winter and storm to be,
O first red leaf on the dogwood tree?

One orphaned lily leans pale and tall,
Last of its line, by the fletcher wall,
The salvia tosses its brilliant plume,
The bright nasturtiums are yet in bloom,
And dahlias, crimson and gold and white,
Waste their beauty, awake all night,
Yet here, with its sorrowful prophecy,
Is the first red leaf on the dogwood tree!

The knapweed swings by the meadow path
Where mowers gather the aftermath;
The first pale aster has begun
To hint that the torrid days are done,
The fringy sprays of the golden-rod
Are spreading their spendthrift wealth
abroad.

And, while they charm us, we need not see
The first red leaf on the dogwood tree!
—Elizabeth Akers, in Youth's Companion.

A DOG CATCHER CAUGHT.

IT IS hardly to be doubted that the most heartily despised set of persons on the face of the earth are the dog catchers.

The oldest man now living cannot remember the day when he heard a kindly word uttered in behalf of the snarlers of vagabond canines. It is an article of faith in some localities and among certain people that Ishmael owed his unpopularity and utter isolation to the presumed fact that he was unwisely enough to hire out as a garnerer of surplus dogs.

Just now the Chicago dog catchers are experiencing their regular fall carnival of assault and battery, and the people whose pets they lure or drag away are offering up their ancient and time-honored testimony, which is to the effect that most wire wielders are thieves who go on private property to steal good and valuable dogs, while utterly ignoring the measly curs which are alleged to throng the streets without hindrance.

It is the same story which is told of dog catchers in all worlds and at all times. And, unfortunately, in many cases, it turns out to be the truth, for the men on the big wagon have a shrewd idea of the great profit arising out of the harvesting of first-class dogs and holding them for ransom. There was a man of that kind once in Council Bluffs, Ia., but he was discouraged out of the business. His name was Whimble, and he has reduced the dog traffic to a science. He paid very little attention to the untaged vagrants of the canine species, but give him a good chance at some good man's St. Bernard or foxhound and he would climb electric light towers and get his wire noose over the head of the quarry. He was clever about it, too, and although the owners of good dogs hired detectives to watch him, with a hope of getting a criminal case against him, he always succeeded in eluding the sharp eyes of the sleuths, and would, indeed, by careful maneuvering, even while closely pursued, slip around into a back yard, loose a fine hunting spaniel from his kennel and entice it out into the alley, where, with the support and backing of the law, he would clap his noose over the beast's head. Valuable dogs had the fondest passion for losing their tags about 15 minutes before Whimble's arrival in the neighborhood. The explanation of the phenomenon was never clearly given, but at any rate Whimble succeeded in finding more good dogs without their passports than any other dog catcher who ever lived in that city. And, once caught, it cost quite a neat bit of money to ransom such a victim.

Bill Boyer, a printer and a statesman, was a dog fancier who for six weary years suffered at Whimble's hands. He whipped the man thrice, but as the dog catcher was always able to make a fair showing that he had been inside the lines of the law the fines imposed upon Boyer amounted to more than the bribes which he was obliged to pay Whimble for the release of his impounded pets. Boyer at last worked the thing down to a system. One year he would whip Whimble and pay a fine of \$22.30 and the next he would give the dog catcher the amount of his claim for the catching of his dogs—usually about \$20. The former course cost more, but Boyer calculated that he got at least \$3.40 worth of satisfaction out of breaking Whimble's visage. The printing man would regularly pay the city for his dog licenses, but as regularly the tags would disappear in some mysterious manner, and Whimble would get action.

Boyer at last decided to take extreme measures in the matter of Whimble and his dogs. One of the finest pointers sickened and died one day, and instead of giving it the usual respectful and sorrowful burial Boyer sent the body over the river to a taxidermist and had it stuffed in a most artful way.

"Make it lying down," he said to Golbert, the taxidermist; "lying down, with its head standing up in the air." And so it was fashioned.

"Now, then," said Bill, "I want you to fairly line that dog's hair with little, fine wires. Make it so that there'll be a metallic surface to meet anything that comes in contact with the coat." Which was also arranged.

Boyer took his prepared dog home, and, waiting for the opening of the dog-catching season, he set about perfecting his plans. By the time Whimble was due to go on his rounds all was ready, and Boyer took his dog out and set it down on a rubber mat on the front porch. This was at night, and early the next morning the despised Whimble, sneaking along in Boyer's neighborhood—for he always made for the home of the dog fancier on the first day of his resumption of business—caught sight of the spaniel in the early morning semilight.

"That's Dodger," he murmured to himself. "Boyer'll pay ten dollars out of hand to get him back once I catch him." And he looked carefully about to see if he was observed.

"I'll get him quick 'an' take the tag off him before he can give a yelp," said Whimble, softly, "an' then I'll be ready to swear he was runnin' 'round out here, barkin' at me as I was goin' by."

Whimble, as has been said, saw the dog. But, alas, there was an invisible thing of which he took no cognizance. And that invisible thing was the heavy copper wire which ran from the trolley line over to Boyer's house and down alongside the porch, whereon Dodger lay waiting for the door to open. And if the man had seen it, do you think he would have stopped to calculate that the dog was loaded with enough electricity to keep 16 trains busily plying between Omaha and Council Bluffs—that the beast's life and vitality came not from a collection of sesamoids and temporals and livers and lights, but from a lot of 20-ton wheels in a power house two miles away? Hardly.

Certainly he thought nothing of the kind. But standing on the well-watered lawn of Bill Boyer—and oh, how carefully the man of types and stump speeches had sprinkled that lawn on the night before!—he poised his wire noose for action, and leaning over the rail slipped it about the dog's uplifted head and gave a quick jerk, the purpose of which was to choke his prey into immediate silence.

The school books used to say that if a man lived on the planet Neptune he would be able to jump over the Washington monument, or thereabouts.

For a moment Whimble seemed to believe that his home was in Neptune, and that he wanted to get back there right away. He gave one leap aloft and turned a few dozen times like a sort of a "day-fireworks" brand of pinwheel. He alighted on the back of his neck when he came down, but being a courageous sort of villain in some ways, and believing that the dog was stronger than he ever calculated upon, he hung grimly to the wire and abused the beast's character while volts and amperes and time cards and bell punches and other things connected with the



"HELP! HELP!" HE CRIED.

street car service of Council Bluffs shot through him. But even as he talked in a strange language he continued in motion.

"You cussed fool of a bum printer's dog!" he shouted, as the stuffed and electrified one jounced over against him. "Let go o' my leg! Oh, thunder and lightning!" as an especially heavy jolt struck him and sent him about 42 feet upward. "Quit bitin' me! Get out! Let go! If I kick—you—once you'll—"

To do him justice, Whimble was a game dog catcher, but at last—which is to say after about nine seconds—even he had to give in.

"Help! Help!" he cried. "This dog is eatin' me alive! Hel-l-l-l!"

"Let go your wire, you fool!" called William Boyer from his front window, for even he felt merciful at last. Whimble loosened his grip on the wire and the dog rolled in one direction and he himself collapsed against a fence post on the other side of the lot.

The many and interesting things which Boyer said to Whimble when he came out upon the lawn are not matters of history. It was plain enough, even to the dog thief, that at last he had been caught in flagrant trespass, and his defiance was gone. He begged Boyer to tie him together and send him home in some kind of cart so that he could die peaceably.

"Your dog like to killed me," he said, "I never seen such a savage brute." Which remark gave Boyer an idea, and he declared, with great pathos, that Whimble had murdered his best pet, and figured up its worth, which was, strange to say, just equal to the ransoms he had himself paid in the past. And he compelled Whimble to pay him the amount that day.

That made Whimble and Boyer square, but the street railway people wondered for three weeks why the cars had all stopped for ten inexplicable seconds that busy morning.—Chicago Record.

—At a German picnic in Emporia, Kan., the chief refreshment was beer, 382 gallons of which were consumed. The partakers of this exhilarating beverage were extremely jolly until they learned that the treasurer had skipped with the entire receipts of the picnic.—\$175.

Eminent's Practical.
"That man says there are cartloads of gold at the Klondike."
"Is he a practical miner?"
"I guess he must be. He says he's not going to give up his position as watchman to go up and dig for it."—Washington Star.

They Were Grateful.
"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"
Was the theme of the spinster's song; And all who occasionally look on the wine Applauded her loudly and long.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.



"I'm sorry to hear you have been ill. Had you to keep your bed?"
"No, miss; I had to sell it."—Pick-Me-Up.

Solution of an Old Problem.
The sewing circle owed a debt On the pastor's pulpit chair, And when at last the claim was met It made the circle square.
—Chicago Tribune.

Realism.
A literary bohemian is at work on a great naturalistic novel. "The Marchioness," he writes, "became as white as a shirt." Glancing at the very moment at his own wrist bands, he is seized by a scruple and adds: "whiter even than a shirt."—Masque de Fer.

Sweetly Silent.
All mankind loves an old spinet— We love its air of other days; And then—'tis always out of tune, So, on it no one ever plays.
—Detroit Free Press.



TWO DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN TOURISTS.

Unkind.
Mrs. Earlywed—I didn't accept Algy the first time he proposed.
Friend—I know you didn't.
Mrs. Earlywed—How do you know?
Friend—You weren't there.—Boston Traveler.

Reward of Frankness.
Miss Fosdick—Sue Gazzam is a girl of engaging frankness.
Miss Kedick—I should say she was. She frankly told Mr. Ricketts that she loved him and now they are engaged.—Detroit Free Press.

Compensation.
"We ought not to fret when annoyed by our children."
"Why?"
"When they grow up they will get paid back by their children."—Chicago Record.

A Reliable Sign.
Hewitt—It's going to be a hard winter.
Jewett—I guess I know it. I saw two coal dealers talking together to-day.—Town Topics.

Amateur Art.
We have to tell lots of lies— It ought to make us quake— About these kodak pictures which Our friends and neighbors take.
—Chicago Record.

He Had a Good Excuse.
Mrs. Benham—I don't understand why you want to drink.
Benham—Of course you don't; you've never had a wife.—Judge.

A Desirable Better Half.
Col. D. T. Bourbon (gazing at the snake charmer)—"Pon mah 'onah, I'm mos' tempted tuh marry that woman!"
—N. Y. Journal.

A Last Opportunity.
Why weeps the woman comfortless? Her hands why doth she wring? The paper's full of bargain ads— She doesn't need a thing.
—Chicago Journal.

She Removed Her Veil.
"May I kiss your hand?" he asked.
"She removed her veil." "No," she replied; "I have my gloves on."—Tit-Bits.

Never Satisfied.
"There's no such thing as satisfying some people," said the iceman, as he looked the second time at the scales to make sure that he hadn't given the right weight; "in summer time people grumble because the ice at their door runs away, and in winter they kick because it don't."—Yonkers Statesman.

Frightened Half to Death.
"You see, my dear," said Mr. Young-husband to his wife, triumphantly, at three a. m. the other morning, "the moment I begin to sing to baby she is quite quiet."
"Yes," said his wife; "she is easily frightened, poor little thing."—Tit-Bits.

Supremacy in French.
Papa—So Emily stands at the head of her class in French?
Mamma—Yes. She and another girl were exactly even in the written examinations, but it was decided that Emily shrugged her shoulders more correctly.
—Collier's Weekly.

How It Could Be Used.
Rev. Longface—Remember, my young friend, there are some things in life better than money.
Young Fastpace—Yes, I know that; but it takes money to buy 'em.—Brooklyn Life.

A Trifle Uncertain.
Daisy—Which is your favorite—a blond or brunette?
Charlie (a little uncertain)—It's a funny thing, you know, but it doesn't make the slightest difference to me in the dark.—Town Topics.

Generosity.
"You've got an awful cold, Smithers. Why don't you go to a doctor and get him to give you something for it?"
"Give me something for it! Man, he can have it for nothing and welcome."—Erie Dispatch.

His Reason.
First Counterfeiter—I wish people in general were like congress.
Second Counterfeiter—Why?
First Counterfeiter—A bad bill would be easier to pass than a good one.—Puck.

That Must Be the One.
Hojack—A writer in a Boston paper discusses the Impossible Dollar.
Tomdick—That must be the dollar a fellow tries to borrow.—Detroit Free Press.

Yeast.
What did you mean by saying that last book of Penman's made you smile?
Crimsonbeak—I meant it drove me to drink.—Yonkers Statesman.

Different from Some Cows.
You will notice in life's voyage, While floating down the stream, That the milk of human kindness Seldom raises any cream.
—Chicago News.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.
Irate Merchant—I thought you said this safe was burglar-proof?
Agent—Well, what more proof do you want of burglars than that?—Leslie's Weekly.

Results.
While wise women frame advice How each girl may catch a man, Silly women all get husbands, And without a shred of plan.
—Chicago Record.

Its Only Few.
"That story would be good if it were not for one thing."
"What is that?"
"It isn't."—Chicago Post.

Sister Got the Sash.
Young Sister—Mabel, here comes Capt. Goldmore! Now, decide quickly. Either you give me your new sash, or I stick to this seat like a limpet!—Punch.

Personal Property.
He—And you say those are your friend's own teeth?
She—Oh, yes; I was with her when she bought them.—Yonkers Statesman.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

DOGS MADE USEFUL.

In Belgium and Holland They Are Made to Draw Milk Carts.

But now I have come over to Belgium and Holland, and I see things here that I could not see in the states. I want to tell you how a great many of the vehicles on the streets in the cities are drawn. They are drawn by dogs, and I have seen as high as five good-sized dogs hitched to one cart. Nearly all the milk carts and bread carts are drawn by dogs. The carts are made like an American handcart, with two heavy wheels, about as heavy as the front wheels of a narrow-tired American wagon. The dogs are sometimes hitched in front of the cart and sometimes under the cart. When there are but one or two, they are hitched so that they walk right under the bed and between the wheels. Often the axle of the cart has an arch in it so that the dogs walk right in the arch. The dogs usually wear good leather collars, made in a harness shop, and the traces are



PEDDLING MILK IN BELGIUM.

fastened to the legs or the body of the cart.

The picture is one made from a photograph taken in Brussels, Belgium. The milk is usually retailed by women. It is surprising to see some of the large loads the dogs draw. It is a common thing to see two men or women sitting upon the cart with a half-dozen cans in the back of the bed, and going along the street.

They have another very common method of doing work on their farms that we rarely see in the states—that is, with cattle. It is a common thing to see a man plow his beets or other crops with one ox or with a cow hitched to a shovel-plow. When they work an animal single they have a collar and harness, and a bridle with a bit that goes in the mouth, the same as we work a horse. Sometimes you see two animals hitched together—a cow and a bull, or two cows. To me it looks very much out of place to see two old milk cows hitched to a big load of wheat, but it is common here.

These people here know what it is to work. They cut every bit of their grain with the hand sickle. They raise magnificent crops of everything. Everything depends on manure, and nothing goes to waste. They are doing here what we in the states call intensive farming, but I don't think that there is anything in the states like this. A man can't come over here and not learn some valuable lessons. We have seen nothing like it in England or any place we have been. The tillage is better and the crops are better and I feel quite safe in saying that they are better farmers than the English farmers. But these men are very poor breeders. Their horses and cattle are bad. The Belgium cattle are very much like the Holstein cattle, but instead of being black and white, many are red and white. Some are just like the Holstein cattle. I have got some interesting lessons from the dairy industry of this country, but shall do a good bit more in the next few weeks in that line.—P. F. Pfarr, in Ohio Farmer.

FACTS ABOUT GARLIC.

Most of That Used in This Country Comes from Italy.

About three-quarters of the garlic used in this country is imported from Italy. It comes in hampers containing about 110 pounds each. Garlic is raised in this country in Connecticut, in Louisiana, in Texas and in New Mexico. All garlic, both imported and American, is put up in strings of bunches, something like the bunches in which onions were once commonly sold in this country, but much larger. American garlic is shipped in crates and barrels; some from the far southwest comes in long cylindrical baskets.

Garlic is sold by the pound or by the single bulb, which is sold for a penny. In its commercial form, whole and dry, garlic does not yield the strong smell for which it is famous. In a wholesale produce establishment, where garlic was stacked up in quantities, there was no noticeable odor from it. But if one of the several smaller bulbs of which each root is composed and which are called cloves of garlic be broken off and broken in two the powerful odor becomes perceptible.

The aggregate consumption of garlic in this country is large, and our exports of it to South American countries, which include American garlic and imported garlic reshipped, amount to enough to be reckoned in tons.—N. Y. Sun.

Solids in Pure Milk.

Many people are surprised to learn that milk which is liquid has a larger proportion of solid contents than have many articles of food. Milk averages 85 per cent. of solid matter, of which a considerable part is albumen. It is this which coagulates with heat, and still more when rennet is used. Potatoes are 80 per cent. moisture, though when the potato is cooked the starch in it expands, making it seem much heartier food than it is. The solid of the potato is mainly starch. That of milk is divided between casein, butter fats and sugar, the last of which is found in whey, which, even though it be soured, shows by that fact that it has had some sugar in it.

KEEP ON AGITATING.

It's the Only Way to Arouse Interest in Good Roads.

The difficulty in arousing interest in the cause of improved highways has often surprised those who were convinced of their importance, and has sometimes discouraged them. It is ten years, now, since the league instituted its active and aggressive good roads campaign. Great results have been achieved, but there is yet much to be done. There are still extensive rural districts in which the people are apathetic, in spite of the efforts of the press and of organized clubs all over the country.

In the more sparsely settled districts, and especially in many parts of the west, it is claimed that activity in railroad construction has prevented expenditure of much energy and capital in building good roads. The people and the state legislatures are interested in the railway "problem"; they are agitating for railroad facilities—working to secure them—and until this is accomplished the question of better wagon roads is in abeyance. In the older states, such as Massachusetts and New Jersey, where so much has been done, the growth of railroad building has nearly reached its maximum, so that with their denser population they are in a position to take hold of their common roads.

But even allowing for all this, it is proving a slow task to awaken all classes of the population to the positive values to them of better roads. In connection with the conditions that exist in Kansas, the Topeka Capitol says that "the farmers of such states as Kansas, where the roads are as bad as they possibly can be, and where the loss is heaviest to the producers who are obliged to stay out of the market during an important part of the year because of impassable roads, apparently pay no attention to this all-important subject. It is the conservative and careful estimate of the government at Washington that the people of the United States lose every year no less than \$600,000,000 by reason of impassable or defective roads, the loss being mainly borne by the farmers. It requires the entire wheat crop every year to pay the loss to farmers occasioned by bad roads. This is no fanciful estimate, but is below rather than above the truth. Students of road making who are familiar with the results of the excellent roads of old world countries estimate that bad roads cost the western farmers 25 per cent. of everything they buy. There is in reality no subject of more importance to the farmers than road improvement, and there is none in which the average farmer takes less apparent interest. No state in the union has more to gain by active road reform, beginning with the adoption of wide tires, than Kansas. It has been profitable elsewhere to remit the road tax of all farmers using wide tires, and no doubt the same policy would work to advantage in this state."

The present time is a good one to increase the agitation for highway improvement. If the matter is brought forcibly to the attention of the farmers, they may be made to realize its direct importance to them. Crops are abundant and find ready sale. With the coming wet weather and deteriorating roads will come an object lesson which should be used by the press and all good roads advocates to strengthen their arguments. The farmer can then count in dollars and cents the loss entailed on him from inability to get to market easily and cheaply. He is in a better position now than he has been for some time to undertake the work. No other investment will pay him so well.

In some sections these facts are appreciated and every effort is being made to secure road improvements. County Commissioner Clark, in Pennsylvania, says: "I have never seen in Allegheny county such enthusiasm as there is over this movement. Everybody is interested. The law is well received everywhere, and people go out of their way to get the facts before us. The office is crowded daily with delegations, and the people meet us when they know we are coming and furnish all the information they can, even as in the case of the Windgap road, getting up plans at their own expense." Such conditions offer great encouragement to further work, and should prove a strong incentive.—Good Roads.

FEEDING THE ORCHARD.

How to Improve the Physical Quality of Poor Soils.

To provide vegetable matter and to improve the physical quality of poor soils, apply barnyard manure once in four years in fall or winter at the rate of five or ten tons per acre. To aid in the decomposition of vegetable matter and to insure a sufficiency of lime and plant food, apply lime at the rate of 25 bushels per acre once in five years. To provide, in addition, an abundance of all forms of the available plant food at the time of need for development of tree and fruit, apply annually chemical fertilizers in the following proportions: Nitrate of soda, 100 pounds; South Carolina rock superphosphate, 100 pounds; ground bone, 200 pounds; muriate of potash, 200 pounds. The amounts to be applied depend on the character of the soils, the kind of fruit and the age and vigor of the trees. By the introduction of clover we have a plant admirably adapted to cheaply supply nitrogenous vegetable matter for orchards, and its growth is to be recommended instead of barnyard manure.—Director Voorhees, New Jersey Experiment Station.

Loading the Farm Wagon.

The custom of loading farm wagons so that the heaviest weight is upon the front wheels is all wrong and adds materially to the draft, says an exchange. The heaviest weight should be carried by the hind wheels. This has been proven by official and careful test.

The separator takes out all the fat and makes more butter.